

FOR THE CATHOLIC RECORD. FOR LOVE AND FAME.

Ah, me! what matter? The world goes round. And bliss and bale are but outside things. I can never lose what in him I found.

"My heart's set in winning that prize, and it will take something better than that weak creature Angela In-chene to carry it off from me."

She was a splendid creature who uttered these words, a magnificent blonde, with a wealth of light reddish golden hair, large gray eyes that were now blazing and her flushed cheeks and crimson lips seemed to breathe the fire that burned in her enthusiastic soul.

She was the darling of St. Mary's Academy and the most brilliant of a group of four lovely young girls who were seated on the fresh grass on the bank of the river Raisin.

Behind them, arose the white walls of Monroe's celebrated Academy for young ladies. The Academy was a very select and expensive school, and its scholars were mostly daughters of rich men.

"Do you know what I overheard the Professor say to Sister Elizabeth the other day?" asked Tess Gordon.

"Sister Elizabeth, who wants Angela In-chene to win the prize—because she is a Catholic I suppose, was asking the Professor what he thought about it."

"Why, Miss Covert will carry it off, of course," he replied, "not because she has a finer voice than Miss In-chene—for she has not—but because Miss Covert has the confidence and self-possession to do her justice, which the other girl, unfortunately, entirely lacks."

"I really never could see anything in that girl's voice, and she is physically a fright. Fancy any one draped like that, competing for a prize with our Alma."

"I think that rich old uncle of hers must be frightfully mean, chimed in Tess Gordon, or he would have given the girl an outfit when he sent her here and not let her be a disgrace to the school with her shabby clothes."

"Yes, he certainly must be a very eccentric old man," resumed Jean Wilcot. "I understand that he has promised to send her to New York to have her voice cultivated if she wins the prize for dramatic reading here; but he is very unreasonable, and he hates anything like failure."

"There goes the bell!" cried Tess Gordon, and the four girls arose and retraced their steps towards the college buildings. Many of the friends of the pupils had arrived, but they were not allowed to see their charges until after the ceremonies. Alma's parents were there eager to catch a glimpse of their darling as she took her place on the platform.

But Alma, who was usually so bright and brilliant, looked very thoughtful as she sank into her seat after having kissed her hand to her parents in recognition of their smile of joy; and had anyone looked closely into the sweet gray eyes, they would have seen tears in them. Among all the people who crowded the hall, there was not one who was interested in the dark eyed girl who was to compete with the senator's daughter for a prize that meant so much to her.

At length came the reading trial, and Angela, white as death and trembling like a leaf, came forward on the platform. Alma was to read first, and she looked so bright and pretty as she stood there, that a murmur of admiration went through the audience.

The girls were to read the same selection and Julia Dreyer's "Vashti," had been chosen. Surely that was not Alma Covert's voice that fell so discordantly on the silent, eager audience.

The girls looked at each other in horrified amazement. What was the matter with Alma? She was fairly murdering the piece. It was a relief to everybody when her voice died away, and a very faint applause followed. Alma looked like a doctored queen as she took her place in the ranks with crimson cheeks, and great tearful eyes,

but, as she turned and faced the audience, there was a strange smile on her lips. In the meantime Angela had come forward and made her bow. A new hope was thrilling her, and the next moment her voice rang out clear, sweet and strong, as no one had ever heard it before.

When the rich magnificent voice ceased to echo through the hall there was a burst of enthusiastic applause, and there was no doubt as to who had won the prize. When it was all over and Alma was in the carriage which was to bear her away, to the consternation of her parents she burst into tears.

"I knew she was ill!" exclaimed the senator's wife, or she never would have let that girl carry off the prize. Alma, darling, you should not have attempted to go through the ceremonies, much less read for a prize.

But the senator understood his noble child better than her worldly mother ever could, and he knew that she had willingly humiliated herself in the day of her graduation for the sake of her humble school-mate, whose misfortune of riches made it necessary that she should make more than an accomplishment of her artistic talent.

"Alma," said the senator, lifting his daughter's small, daintily-gloved hand to his lips, "you have done me more honor to-day than if you had won twenty prizes. That you lost the race because you stopped to point out the way to a wanderer will be remembered by him, though your name will not be capitalized in to-morrow's newspapers."

"Don't congratulate me!" cried Angela In-chene when the happy sister Elizabeth, took her favorite in her arms and fairly cried with joy. "The honor is not mine. Miss Covert failed purposely, because she has heard of my uncle's unreasonableness. Oh! if I could only repay her in some way!" cried the grateful girl. "She is as noble as she is true."

Little did Angela In-chene dream how and when an opportunity to repay her school-mate's sacrifice would present itself.

"And so this beautiful, theatrical star who has turned the heads of all—both young and old, is really Angela In-chene?"

The speaker was Miss Wilcot, who was spending the season with her friend, Alma Covert, at the Senator's magnificent Washington residence.

The two girls were taking breakfast tete-a-tete in an elegantly-appointed room.

"Yes, who would believe that three years would make such a change in any one," said Alma, taking up the Washington Chronicle. "The papers are unsparing in their praises of the new star. See what they say of last night's performance."

She folded down the paragraph and tossed it across to her friend. "To-night is the last time she plays until after Lent," resumes Alma.

"You remember what a staunch little Catholic she was. I have prevailed in her to spend the next six weeks here with us in a quiet way, so you see she will be here for dinner to-morrow night and I have invited Captain Willard and a few friends to meet her."

"You must be pretty sure of the Captain's heart or you would not invite him to meet this paragon of passionate declamation, said Miss Wilcot, glancing mischievously at her friend who had risen and was wheeling her comfortable chair over to the grate, her white, furred morning robe trailing its sweeping length on the marble floor as she walked. Alma's heart gave a great muffled throb that almost stifled her."

"I feel awfully wounded in me," said Jean with a wifful pout of her red lips. "Is it true, as society declares, that you are to marry Captain Willard?"

"You could hardly expect me to confide in you, dear, until the gentleman first does me the honor to propose," said Alma with an embarrassed laugh. Indeed, it is one of her charming ways that she laughs at everything that can be possibly laughed at.

Captain Willard was one of the wealthiest bachelors in Washington and considered a prize in the market matrimonial. He admired the senator's lovely daughter who was the acknowledged belle of Washington. He was a frequent visitor at the senator's house and society reported them affianced.

dilated with the eager fire of Southern passion. Her whole attitude showed she felt she had met her destiny, and before she had even spoken a word, the audience felt that they were under the spell of an enchantment. How fully, it seemed to the enamored Captain, did Romeo express his feelings in saying,—"O, she doth teach the torches to burn bright! It seems she hangs upon the cheek of night like a rich jewel in an Ethiop's ear: Beauty too rich for use, for earth too dear!"

"Well, Capt.," said his friend, Leslie Hamilton, when the curtain descended at the end of the fifth act, and they rose to quit the theatre. "What do you think of In-chene? Jolly-like girl, isn't she?"

"Don't speak of the young lady in that vulgar way," snapped the captain. "I am certain that girl is as pure and good as Juliet was."

"I'm not saying a word against her—no body can do that, regained his companion, opening his eyes in polite amazement. "But, my dear boy, you've either got badly bit with that siren's charms; or you've been drinking—oh, of all men!"

Captain Willard was in no mood for badinage at that moment, and pleading a headache, which confirmed his friend's suspicion that he had been imbibing, he hurried off to his home, where he had not been since morning, having lunched and dined at the club. Rummaging the pile of letters that was awaiting him on the hall table, he found one which he knew to be from Miss Covert. He seized it, tore it open, and read:

"DEAR CAPTAIN—As usual, mamma makes me her amanuensis. If not better occupied, she begs that you will waive ceremony, and come to dine with us to-morrow night at 7:30, to meet a few people, who have promised to keep us company, among them the reigning queen of tragedy—Made-moiselle In-chene, who proves to be an old school-mate of Miss Wilcot's and mine. With kindest regards, I am, yours very truly, ALMA COVERT."

It was some time before the captain's spirits were sufficiently calmed down to admit of his inditing a coherent reply. To think that he would actually procure an introduction to the inspirer of the consuming yet delicious flame which burned within his bosom! It was with difficulty he compelled himself to await the slow progress of the hands on the dial of his watch.

On entering the senator's drawing-room the following night, Captain Willard beheld the fair divinity of his dreams seated on a divan with the hostess's daughter, her superb form set off to great advantage by a rose colored silk dress of exquisite fit, the heavy train lying in shimmering billows on the carpet. Certainly, there could not be a greater contrast between two faces.

Alma's all pink and white, like a sea shell, her lovely red gold hair all crimped and frizzed down over her white brow, her baby mouth, wreathed in smiles, her toilet like a dream of the sea, all billows of white and palest green. How perfect her manners were as she glided forward to receive and welcome the handsome Captain.

"My friend, Miss In-chene, Captain Willard," said Miss Covert's quiet tones.

The lady rose gracefully from her seat and greeted the Captain in the same rich contralto which had so enthralled him at the theatre; and at last he had the brief precious delight of pressing her hand for a second in his own trembling palm.

"We were just talking about our dear old Alma Mater," said Miss Covert, graciously placing a chair for the Captain to be seated.

"You remember Miss Duncan, of New York, who visited me last winter?"

Of course the Captain remembered, though, if the truth must be recorded, he hardly knew what his fair hostess was saying, so lost was he in admiration of the beautiful dark-eyed actress.

Miss In-chene tells me that she saw her the early part of the winter in one of the Canadian cities. You know she married a Dr. Gordon, first cousin of her inseparable friend, Tess. This is his picture, selecting one from a collection that were scattered on a little table.

"Don't you think he resembles our friend Mr. Higgins?"

"Very much," said the Captain, lifting his eyes glances to stare at the pictured face. "This is a face that breathes power," he said misguidedly, "and indeed he must possess a wonderful will to have conquered the heart of that most charming of coquettes. He wears a chrysanthemum in his buttonhole."

"Are you partial to chrysanthemums, Miss In-chene?"

"I should be a person of unnatural tastes, if I were not partial to these particular ones, said the actress, carrying a cluster of white flowers she wore at her hair."

The Captain would like to have known why she was partial to these particular chrysanthemums; but just then dinner was announced, after which came an hour or two in the drawing room, filled up with music and lively chat, in which the jovial senator was the leading spirit.

Captain Willard stood beside Miss In-chene, and turned the music while she played pieces of his selection, and then, while the rest of the party were deep in some absorbing topic, these two fell into side conversation about operas and composers, which lasted till the man was in danger of losing his head as well as his heart.

He met her often after that, and his attentions to her were so marked and significant as to become a subject for comment. Captain Willard made no attempt to deceive himself. He knew that he loved Angela In-chene, not as ordinary men love, but with a mad, passionate love, that meant life or death to him. Not a scrap of encouragement was awarded him in return for his constant devotion.

There was always a sort of constraint in her manner when talking to him. Nevertheless, he resolved to put his fate to the touch, even if he lost. But the coveted opportunity did not present itself, until Miss In-chene's last evening in the city, when he found an excuse to lead her into the conservatory, and then and there poured forth the story of his love. For a moment there was a light of unseparable ecstasy and joy upon the girl's face, but this expression vanished quickly, and though there was a sign of tremor in the ripe, curving lips, her full, lustrous eyes looked wonderingly into his. How little he dreamed that she was silently praying for strength to deny the cry of her own breaking heart.

"Captain Willard—No!" These were the words, stern and cold, that fell from her lips. The bewildered Captain stared at her in blank amazement. For an instant he was too disconcerted to speak.

"Have you no pity?" he said at length. "I will wait years."

"Enough!" she cried. "Let this end," and both lily white hands were uplifted in a gesture that was half entreaty, half command.

"I beg your pardon," he said, with a bitterness he could not wholly suppress. "I might have known that a woman living in an atmosphere of homage and adoration, as you do, would be utterly heartless."

There was no other way! cried Angela In-chene as she locked herself in her room when it was all over. "If he had the slightest inkling that I love him, Alma's chance of happiness would be shipwrecked. He thinks I am a vain coquette and will eject me from his heart and learn to love Alma tenderly and well. "But oh, my love!" cried the poor wretched girl, "it is only now that I begin to fathom the depths of my unrequited love for you."

A terrible, overwhelming sense of desolation rushed upon her. "Where shall I turn?" she asked herself, as with folded arms she paced the floor. Where could she turn but to the Great Sufferer who pours the oil of comfort in wounds that in His strange providence often grows to be "blessings in disguise." So, falling on her knees and bowed to the very dust, the poor creature laid the burden of her sorrow on the broken heart of her Lord, while from her lips broke the humble rhymic prayer:

"Other refuge have I none, Helpless to Thy cross I cling; Cover my defenceless head With the shadow of Thy wing."

Captain Willard was not one to sue for unwilling favor, and after the first cruel throb of agony, his pride rose supreme. He was still sitting where Angela had left him, when there was a rattle of silk, a jingle of merry laughter—and Alma came into the conservatory, in search of Miss In-chene. She was looking very lovely and she thought that this beauty was all his own for the asking thrilled the captain's soul like a pean of triumph. Because he had made a fool of himself by falling in love with a beautiful, heartless coquette, was that any reason why he should waste his life lamenting over a fair, sweet fate that might have been? So, as though talking to a beautiful, petulant child who must yield, he said the words that had more than once trembled on his lips before the face of the fatally beautiful actress had come between them.

While Angela's pure, heart winning petition floated upward on wings seraphic, Alma was wondering what she had ever done to deserve such happiness. A shiver thrilled her from head to foot: the warm fragrant air of the conservatory sickened her almost to fainting, passionate bliss is always closely allied to passionate pain. It was a year before the marriage took place, and the wedding was characteristic of the Coverts, for its quiet elegance. Angela was sitting in her dressing-room at the Jacksonville Theatre, awaiting the arrival of her personal attendant, when she read the account of the wedding.

"Oh, Alma!" she cried, "I hope you may be as happy in the prize I yield to you, as I was the day, when, by your noble sacrifice, I won the prize that gave me fame. I am glad and thankful that it has been in my power to make you happy. Ah, how true are the words of the poet:

"Nobody could tell, for nobody knew Why love was made to gladden a few, And those who would have forever been true, Go alone and unloved the whole way through."

The sound of the orchestra reminded Angela that she was in the temple of art where the world flocked to do her homage. "I must not give away to those natural emotions or I will destroy my art," she said, rousing herself. "I know that I cannot live this love down, but I will do my duty, and God will give me peace, and, at the longest, life is brief. I must now dress as the fair daughter of Capulet, for we must live, even after love is past."

Oh, life! oh, youth! oh, love! thou art not all beautiful and yet the world goes round. B. MCNAMARA.

THE WORKINGMAN'S ENEMY.

At the mouth of every mine, around every manufactory, at the corners of the streets, wherever toiling humanity spends the weary hours of labor, there is found the omnipresent saloon, the workingman's worst foe. Mr. Arthur, chief of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, once said: "You can go into any of these groceries and see the workmen sitting around and spending over one-half their earnings for strong drink."

"In Chicago," says Sam Small, "I saw a marching body of workmen, 18,000 strong, carrying a banner inscribed, 'Our Children Cry for bread.' And they marched straight into a picnic ground and drank 1,400 kegs of beer."

It is said that the wage-earners of these United States annually pay \$600,000,000 for liquor—a sum so large that if it were saved for a few years and properly invested, a fund would be created that, under wise management, would render destitution among the poor of this country forever impossible. Thrift and industry are incompatible, and without thrift and sobriety the highest wages of the world will bring neither competence nor comfort.

Then, too, the use of intoxicants lessens the skill of the workman. A large manufacturing firm in Cincinnati recently made the following statement: "A drinking man will turn out from 20 to 30 per cent. less work than a non-drinker, and in addition his work is apt to be defective and require rehauling."

It is a fact that a man cannot work hard and drink hard at the same time. Strong drink, by impairing the skill and productive power of the worker, lessens the profits of business out of which wages must come. Hence drinking workmen keep down wages, inasmuch as employers must base the average rate of wages on the amount of work turned out by the least productive of their employes. Strong drink consumes the workman's wages, destroys his skill and degrades him to the level of the brute. Deliberately and truly we write down the saloon to be the wage earner's greatest and worst foe.—Sacred Heart Review.

A PRIEST THE MEDIUM.

Money Illegally Obtained Returned to an Insurance Company.

Six months ago the Rev. Father Brennan, then assistant pastor at St. Paul's Church, Oswego, walked into Mollison & Dowdle's insurance office in that city and asked about insurance companies for which they were agents. Among others he learned that they did business for the German-American Insurance of New York. He then asked to be permitted to look over their loss book. He was evidently looking for something, but he gave no hint of the fact and finally left the office.

Shortly after Mollison & Dowdle received a letter from Father Brennan enclosing a sum of money. The accompanying letter stated that a person had, in the confession, informed him that some years ago they had defrauded the insurance company above named, and for which Mollison & Dowdle were the agents, out of a sum of money, presumably by setting fire to some buildings. Restitution was the only consideration upon which the good priest would grant the confessor absolution, and Father Brennan agreed to be the medium for returning the money.

Father Brennan left Oswego some time ago, and is at present located at Baltimore, Md. Last week a second letter from Father Brennan was received by Mollison & Dowdle containing a second remittance. The firm hasn't the slightest idea from whom the money is received, but they think that it was obtained from them about twenty years ago. The amounts are forwarded to the New York office of the German-American.

"A snake in the grass" is all the more dangerous from being unsuspected. So are many of the blood medicines offered the public. To avoid all risk, ask your druggist for Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and also for Ayer's Almanac, which is just out for the new year.

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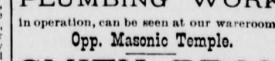
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